



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 5.

### POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

#### TRADITION

##### OF THE OLD GARRISON HOUSE.

'There may be no place of pilgrimage in America, unless it be some lonely battle-ground, already forgotten by the neighbourhood, overgrown with a forest and overshadowed with a perpetual deep darkness or covered far and wide, with a sea of watering herbage—the frightful vegetation of death.'—JOHN NEAL.

I love to visit those spots where the rude works of our pilgrim fathers, are yet to be seen. I love those wild spots surrounded by the everlasting rocks and hills, where once rose the terrific war-whoop of the fierce and fearless Indian, mingling with the report of the echoing musket; where once the shouts of bold, and daring combatants, were heard together with the groans of the wounded, and dying.

It was a fearful time for our fathers when in the still and silent watches of the night the slumbers of the weary were often broken, by the wild and appalling war-whoop of the savage. When those exasperated sons of the forest, rose in their strength and made a mighty effort to regain that land which was wrested from them by the whites, young and old thought of death, the brave and stalwart thought of the lingering torments, which awaited them, if they should fall into the power of those who asked no mercy from the hand of the conqueror.

Seated on the decayed stump of a tree which has perhaps witnessed the close of bitter strife between the red man and white, I can pass away hours, pondering over the early history of our country, in bringing to remembrance those times when the fleet and timid deer, the fierce and ravenous mountain cat, and the wild and untutored Indian roamed unmolested through the boundless forest; when the husbandman went forth to his labours armed for the deadly combat; when the red warrior was lurking and thirsting for the blood of the white; and when too, our fathers, the men of the revolution, met their brothers and fathers on the stern battle field. There is to me a pleasure in

visiting the ruins of some old garrison house, or 'some lone battle ground already forgotten by the neighbourhood,' that is not to be found in the crowded city. They are to us what the ivy crowned battlements of the old world, are to its inhabitants, they are the monuments of a nation gone by. The self-proud Englishman may point to the ruined castles of his own country, surrounded by the deep moat, and guarded by the portcullis; with their high turrets, crowned with the creeping ivy, looming with unearthly grandeur and rocked by every breeze: he may boast of the deeds performed there in feudal times, when 'might was right;' he may boast of his long line of Saxon, or Norman ancestors, and tell us, we have not such things as these to perpetuate the names, and deeds of our fathers. Our country has not such things as these, it is true; but she has other monuments as lasting. Our monuments are the eternal rocks, and the rock-ribbed hills. Our quiet valleys once rang with the wild war-whoop of a fearless nation, that vanished from before our fathers, like the inhabitants of a crowded city before a sweeping pestilence. Our fathers did not go forth to the battle protected by the steel hauberk or coat of mail; but with the 'ready hand and fearless heart.' Although they have not been, 'sanctified by song and by story, ages after ages,' there are still tales and traditions, recorded of the ruins of those log habitations which are scattered over New-England. Our aged and grey headed ones, can still relate tales of the fierce border warfare which for a long time existed between their fathers, and that people who have, to use one of their own metaphors 'melted away like snow before the sun.' They can still relate tales of the direful scalping knife, and the bloody tomahawk, they can yet point to the spot where lay the bones of the victim of Indian warfare. It was from one of these, that the incidents of the tradition following the description of the old garrison house were gathered; it has been preserved through the lapse of a century by oral tradition, handed from father to son.

In the northeastern part of one of those towns which in 1725 were exposed to the ravages of the eastern Indians, stands a rude building known as the old fortress or garrison house. It is constructed of large logs squared and locked together at the corners in the manner of the rudely constructed habitations of the first settlers of New-England. The roof is high and steep with projecting eaves as a kind of safe guard against the fire arrows and other combustible missiles often used by the red warriors in their attacks. The palisades which once surrounded it are now scarcely visible; but a covered ditch by which it was supplied with water from a neighbouring spring, is to be distinctly traced. The old house is seated on the eastern declivity of a long extended, but broken range of hills, which stretches to the north west, now rising in gentle swells, while, at a greater distance, it shows its rocky and whitened peaks rent by the convulsions of nature and elementary warfare. To the east and north east from the old house is a tract of land still covered with a forest of scathed pines and huge oaks, which bear the marks of the conflicts they have witnessed. Here is often heard the wild discordant yell of the prowling wild cat, although the wolf and the bear have disappeared together with the red warriors who once gathered around the council fire.

Among the first settlers of the township of L. — was Abraham White and his family; and according to the tradition they erected the building now known as the old garrison house. Abraham White was a specimen of our puritanical forefathers. His family consisted of himself, and helpmate, four sturdy sons, and three daughters. The daughters of Abraham White, although they were comely, would not at the present day pass for beauties. They did not possess the delicate form, 'and ruby lip' which mark the fashionable belle of this age of improvement. But their cheeks bore the rosy hue of health, and they were accustomed to woods and log habitations. The sons were all athletic and hardy; three of them at the time of which we write, had arrived to manhood, although they still continued under the parental roof. They all bore 'goodly names,' the eldest that of the father, and the others, according to their years, the names of Aaron, Moses, and Joshua. Every thing in the household of Abraham White, was conducted with that strict order and regularity which characterized the first settlers of New-England. He was a lineal descendant from one of the Plymouth colony, and was a scion worthy of the original stock, inheriting all the sternness and inflexibility common to those zealous puritans. His fathers had marked out a path for him; and his family must walk in the same. He was stern, and rigid in his habits, and brought his family up in the way he had trod. Every evening brought its usual devotions; all the household then drew round the family altar; a portion was read from the

'blessed book,' and then was poured forth thanks to the 'Giver of mercies.' Saturday evening brought the business of the week to a close, and on the first day of the week, not a hand was lifted in any secular employment; it is said that his sons once received a severe reprimand for destroying on that day, a wolf which had entered their sheep fold. Although Abraham White professed to be a strict follower of one, 'who delighteth in showing mercy,' he like the rest of our ancestors held an Indian as a common enemy, and was always ready to shoulder his gun and march against them. About the year 1720, commenced the war with the eastern Indians, which not only desolated the frontier towns of Maine, and New-Hampshire, but those of Massachusetts. This war was commenced by the Norigewocks, Pequaketts and other eastern tribes, supported by the French from Canada. Among the most active partizans of this war, was Abraham White. He was one of those who, under the command of Captain Moulton, and others, marched against Norigewock, the principal village of the eastern Indians. The narrative of the sanguinary scenes acted there is probably familiar to every one acquainted with the history of New-England. Abraham White was also one of those engaged in the celebrated Lovewell's fight and was one of the few who survived that eventful day and were able to return thanks for their preservation.

It was on a fine October evening, several years after this engagement, that the family of Abraham White had as usual gathered around the family altar, for their evening devotions. The full 'Hunter's moon' was shining in all its brightness, and the father had in a clear, audible voice, began the evening service, when a low grunting noise was heard from the garden which adjoined the house. One of the sons started to see the cause of the disturbance, but stopped at the command of the father, who carefully unclosed one of the apertures used as loop-holes, and placing his eye to it, surveyed the state of affairs without. The light of the moon enabled him to distinguish even a small object within the distance enclosed by the pickets. 'Hand down the gun' said he in a low voice to one of the family, without moving his eye from an object he saw moving about the garden. The gun was handed down and all was silence, although the family at once knew what the surmises of the father were. It was placed at the aperture, and in a moment 'told its bidding.' A stifled groan was all that was heard, but a dark object slowly drew itself within the shade of the pickets and disappeared.

'There lies a heathenish red skin,' said the father as he stepped back, 'it is one of the Pequaketts, those accursed savages are abroad and they'll be upon us before the setting of another sun with their hooting and shouting.'

Every member of the family now engaged in putting things in a state of defence. The



door was barricaded, and the small windows secured by blocks of wood fitted for that purpose. The ammunition was brought forward and examined; the arms, which consisted of a musket or hunting gun for each of the males, were taken from their hooks and placed in the hands of those who were to use them. The night wore slowly away, not an eye was closed in sleep, but all listened anxiously for some unusual noise. Morning at length dawned, and the sun arose without a cloud to intercept its beams, as they shone upon the garrison house and the surrounding scenery. Some little distance beyond the pickets stood a pine tree with a thick bushy top, this, Joshua the youngest son was watching, with his eye placed at one of the loop holes, when the flash of a rifle glanced from it; in an instant he sprang with a convulsive leap from the place where he stood and fell on the floor.

'Now is the hour of trial,' said the father as the family gathered around the wounded one, 'the first shot of the heathen has taken one from our band.'

'Yes and 'tis the youngest,' said the mother as she leaned over him giving vent to the yearnings of a mother's bosom.

'Mourn not now, Rebecca, this is no time for grief,' said her companion as the war whoop rose from the surrounding woods.

A band of Indians had surrounded the garrison during the night; one of their number had secreted himself in the tree, and fired the shot which had taken effect. He soon discovered it, and a fierce war cry rose simultaneously from every one of the band; it was repeated again and again, and the horrid whoop echoed through the forest. It seemed as if a thousand demons had sent forth their demoniac yells. The savages now took to the higher ground which overlooked the pickets and commenced a brisk firing upon the garrison. The fire was promptly returned by the besieged, and the assailants soon lost several of their number, for every opportunity a well directed shot was sure to be sent. Every time one of their number fell, their horrid shouts were renewed, but it boots not now to relate the incidents of that day's fight. It was kept up with unabated fury through the day, several attempts were made by the savages to break through the pickets, but they were repelled by the bravery of those within. Night at length drew on, and the Indians exhausted with the day's toil retired from the attack, only to return to it after night had closed in.

Black lowering clouds were now to be seen gathering in the heavens, which announced the approach of a storm. The moon arose not as it did the preceding evening, but wading through a thick haze which obscured its light.

Again the family of Abraham White, gathered around the father, for their evening devotions, but they felt not as they did at the commencement of the previous evening's worship. They felt that this night might be their last, for

they knew that under cover of the night, the savages would return to their work of death. The hope of succour which had sustained them through the day was now faint. Long and ardent were their devotions around the family altar. The father poured forth thanks to their Maker for their preservation through the day, and earnestly supplicated Him for a continuance of his protecting care. He again and again commended his family and himself to the God of battles; fervently praying for the wounded one who yet lingered in the most excruciating agony. When he arose from his knees the whole family felt that they had committed themselves to the care of Him who has power to save. In a few moments a volley of several guns was fired, and a loud death shriek rose, mingling with the war whoop of the savages. The shout of the Indians was followed by another discharge, but it was not directed towards the garrison. A cry of joy now burst from the besieged. 'The God of Heaven be praised,' shouted the father, 'we have help.'

Succour had indeed arrived, and as an Indian skirmish is soon decided, the savages after a few discharges were compelled to retreat in such haste as to leave their dead, which consisted of several, and wounded, who were not able to travel, behind them. Those who so providently arrived to the rescue, were a party of settlers who were alarmed by the firing and came to assist, as soon as they could collect sufficient numbers. Several of the party were severely wounded, but none mortally. The wounded Indians according to the custom of those times, were dispatched. A young athletic looking savage was found in the garden. He had obtained access within the pickets by means of a small hole which barely admitted his body, and having employed a stratagem to draw out some of the family that did not succeed, he paid for his daring with his life. The party of Indians, who had attacked the garrison, consisted of a collection from the various eastern tribes. The one that fell in the garden was a chief and son to the well known Pequakett chieftain, Paugus, who fell by the hand of Chamberlain at Lovewell's fight. This was the last attempt made by the ill-fated Pequaketts to revenge the loss of their chief. The next day the Indians were all committed to one grave. Joshua White, who died in the course of the night, was buried in the corner of the garden, and the plain stone erected by his brothers, now marks the spot. One of the descendants of Abraham White resides near the old garrison house, which he still preserves, although now useless, as a memento of the toils of his father. The scathed trunk of the aged pine yet stands as a monument of the scenes it has witnessed. The plough has since leveled the small mound which formerly marked the grave of the Indians; but the spot was pointed out to me by the aged narrator of the tradition.

LYON.

## DOING AS OTHERS DO.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

(Concluded.)

'My own Emily,' said the old gentleman, 'did you think my summons long delayed, or did it come too soon?'

'I was with my brother and—and his friend, sir; your summons to me is always happiness.'

'Thank you, my own girl, thanks; I wanted to speak, Emma, on a matter of much moment to you, and to me also, because I love you—bless you, child, can't you stand still, and let the dog alone?—don't fidget so—there's a colour! Why, you little violet, you surely have not been deceiving me, and know all about it before I thought proper to tell you?—No answer?—'

'No, sir—yes, sir—I don't know, sir.'

'No, sir—yes, sir—I don't know, sir!—Emily, you never told me a falsehood—do not begin now to 'do as others do,' and deceive your old guardian.'

'Deceive you, mine own uncle, my more than father! Why, O why should you suspect me?' and tears filled her eyes as her blushes deepened.

'No, Emmy, no love, I believe you have not; but, hang it, all women have a kind of second sight in love matters—I dare say, now you have a kind of a sort of idea that *your brother's friend*, as you call him, has an affection for you—eh, Emmy?'

'I hope—I hardly know, sir—'

'Honour bright, young lady! In the greenhouse, when I saw him pulling some of my fine exotics, what said he to you then?'

'He was only forming and explaining an oriental letter—love letter, sir,' replied the maiden, at the same time hiding her face in the damask pillow of her uncle's chair.

'But where are the flowers?—you did not throw them away!'

'Oh no, no, no, how could I, uncle? they were so beautiful! Shall I fetch them? they are in the alabaster vase you gave, and that I love so dearly.'

The old man smiled, shook his head, and moved his foot; and the young girl seated herself on the little Ottoman; he laid his hand on her glossy hair, and replied—'Mind not the flowers now, love, but attend to the wisdom which seventy years and more have taught to one who has not been a listless observer of passing events. I remember well when my sister, your grandmother, married. She was very young, and very beautiful—perhaps more majestic than beautiful. She was ambitious and married for gold and rank. She never complained of unhappiness? but I saw it in her altered eye, heard it in her altered voice, and both blamed and pitied. At that time I had my own trials too;—but buried loves are like faded flowers—only interesting to those who treasure them as memorials of by-gone days. Your mother, Emily, was gifted with an angel's form; but her mind remained

uncultivated, while accomplishments were heaped upon her without taste or judgment. She, too, was sacrificed upon the same shrine; but she wanted her mother's strength of mind. Her husband had but one maxim in common with herself—'*To do as others do*;'—how I do hate that little sentence!' continued the old man, with strong acrimony and emotion; 'it has caused,' he continued, 'the ruin of thousands. At that time our princes were jockeys, and Lord Morton, whose head was never cool, had the honour of losing thousands to the highest in the land—he did as others did; and in three years,—poor fellow!—he died of a broken heart, and almost a beggar. Your mother, from following the same plan, assisted in the destruction of their ample fortune. No parties were so gay—no woman so much admired, or consequently so much flattered, as Lady Emily Morton; but the fashionables, true to their maxim also, did as others did, left the ruined widow to her solitude; and her creditors who also pursued the same plan, seized upon every thing, even the couch on which she lay, with you, a new-born infant, on her bosom. Her parents were dead, and she was too proud to accept assistance; though, to confess the truth, I believe she was not much troubled by the benevolent feelings of others. She had always plagued me sadly, laughed at my failings, and ridiculed my peculiarities; but an English heart beat in my bosom, and I went up to town determined to bring her and hers to my house. I shall never forget it; your brother was sent home from the fashionable school to which he had been consigned, and, with the thoughtlessness of childhood, was playing about the room, gay and cheerful as a mountain lark. She was laying on an old sofa, and her pale cheek and sunken eye spoke of the end of mortal suffering; her spirits were gone, her heart was indeed broken. She withdrew the shawl that covered you, and my heart yearned towards you, Emily, as if you had been mine own—in a very unbachelor like way I stooped to kiss you. 'Save them, make them unlike their parents,' exclaimed your poor mother, as she endeavoured to raise you to me:—that effort was her last; she fell back and expired.'

Emily sobbed bitterly; and, truth to say, the old gentleman let fall—no, not fall, for he prevented it—but tears certainly escaped from his eyes.

'My own dear child,' continued he, 'it is not to pain you that I speak thus, but to warn you against the remotest danger of 'doing as others do.' It was a troublesome legacy, though, to an old fellow like me—a romping boy and a squalling baby; but I bless God for it now: it saved me from the selfishness of old age, gave me something to love and to think of besides gout and lumbago. Your brother, I trust, will be an ornament to human nature, for he does *not* do as others do. He has travelled to gain information, not *eclat*; he



has entered the sacred profession, *not* because his uncle has a rich living in his gift, but because his mind is imbued with gospel truth, and he is anxious to do good; he has chosen his friend, not because of his rank or talent, although he is distinguished by both, but because he is a **CHRISTIAN**—and, consequently, must be a good son, a kind landlord, a firm friend, and, in due time, an affectionate husband. I suspect the oriental flowers, Emmy, have spoken of love; and so would I have it, girl;—he is one who will never follow the opinion of fools; and to you, dearest, he will be a safe guiding-star, protecting you 'through the thorny path of the dangerous world' upon which you must soon enter; for you cannot be always an old man's darling. And now, child, you may fetch the flowers; they told your secret;—they were dear, and you put them in the vase you loved so dearly. Yes, yes, I can remember—bless, bless you my own child!' continued the venerable man, folding his arms affectionately round his adopted, 'thank God, though I am an old bachelor, I have trained up two creatures for immortality who will not "DO AS OTHERS DO."'

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### BIOGRAPHY.

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A volume of Sketches of the most eminent characters, in our country, (and among them the different Presidents and many Members of Congress,) has just appeared, from which we give the following, and shall present others hereafter.

#### MR. EVERETT.

WASHINGTON, ———, 1830.

Dear Sir—Mr. Everett you have seen, and therefore I need not describe his person to you; when in Europe he was, as you know, much caressed as a learned man; his course has been singular and prominent. While at Harvard University, as a student, he was distinguished, though very young; on leaving college he studied divinity, and was ordained and settled a youthful prodigy. In elegant literature he had no equal of his age, and the world was delighted with his pulpit eloquence; whenever he preached crowds of the most accomplished of both sexes, assembled to hear his splendid sermons; these discourses if they had not so much of the holy unction in them as in some sermons of graver men, still there was a purity of taste and a sweet solemnity that made him delightful to hearers of all creeds. A few years after his ordination, he was elected to a Professorship of Harvard University. This office he accepted on condition of being allowed to visit Europe and reside a year or two in Germany. He set out on this tour with all the ardour of a young man panting for knowledge and ambitious of surpassing all, in his accomplishments. In his absence, he visited Rome, France, and England, and tarried for some time at Gottengen, and became enamoured with German literature. He extended his travels to Greece, and

there drank inspiration among the relics of ancient taste and greatness. He examined the Parthenon in its ruins, with great minuteness, as well as all other things, worthy of notice. He returned to his Alma Mater with a mind filled with 'the spoils of time,' and a memory stored with the *humanities*, the great object of his travels, and commenced his labours as a professor, and at once became the pride of the university and the delight of his pupils.

He did not confine himself to the instruction of college classes, but gave a splendid course of lectures on Architecture, which was numerously attended by the most enlightened persons of both sexes in the metropolis of New England. At this time he was considered the editor of the North American Review, which was well conducted, and took the lead in the periodicals of the country. His portions of the work are distinguished for taste, talent and learning; there is a variety and raciness about his productions, that mark one born and bred among the Muses. In fact, he was a scholar by profession, and wore the laurel among all the lettered and polite as an every day ornament. In an evil hour for American literature the politicians of his District, turned their eyes upon him as member of Congress, and he left the lecture room. In Congress he is respected for his learning and talents. When he rises all are anxious to catch every word he has to say—not that his eloquence there, is as good as it was in the pulpit, or the lecture room, but that the information he gives may be relied on, for he has day and date, chapter and page, for every thing he says, and the purity of his language forms a great contrast to that of many of those around him. He has too much refinement for the *rough and tumble* of Congress skirmishing. In this body he has frequently been selected as Chairman of Committees to make reports, on important subjects, and these are generally admired for their clearness of reasoning and appropriateness of style; these reports are said to prove that he is greater in the closet than on the floor of the House; but he is great every where.

Such men are wanted in the American Congress, for loving the country so much as I do, I am constrained to confess that there is no little ignorance in the National Assembly and that learning does not always receive its due honour. Mr. Everett's eloquence is characterized by taste, sweetness, harmony, delicacy, and correctness. It has the Ciceronean flow, ease and purity, and all the great Roman's accuracy, and marks of scholarship. He is said to be ambitious, and to dearly love political distinctions. Of this, it is probable he will soon get cured by the shiftings and changings of party, and in the fullness of his genius, return from the bustle of the Hall of Legislation to the groves of the Academy he deserted. If it should so happen, it will be well; for learning should have more knowledge of the

world than it generally has, and the world should have more learning than it is disposed to honour and cherish.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### NEW NOVEL.

#### VOL. I.

Mortimer Mandeville Deveraux Boo, was the son of mean but illustrious parents. An ill-fated star presided over his birth and stuck to him like a bad name through most of his days.—He was very unfortunate even while a child. Not one of his play-fellows but could blow a bigger bubble through a tobacco pipe, and his bubbles were always the first to break and evaporate. 'Alas,' what 'emblems of his future hopes.'

'I never loved a tree or flower,  
But 'twas the first to fade away'—&c.

He was gifted with an extraordinary understanding, and the powers of his mind were immense—but alas!—he was born a fool!

#### END OF VOL. I.

#### VOL. II.

Angelina Squirtissima Sop, was the daughter of rich, but honest parents. She lived in luxury all her youth, 'alas!' but to feel the wide difference between ease and affluence in after years! She never asked for a bit of cake, but her mother, immediately went to the cupboard and got it. 'Alas!' that mothers should thus indulge their children!

She grew up under the fond eyes of her parents and when the bud of her beauty expanded, her face was as smooth as a winter squash, and the same colour!

#### END OF VOL. II.

#### VOL. III.

Mortimer Mandeville Deveraux Boo, tumbled in love with the beautiful and accomplished Angelina Squirtissima Sop. 'Alas!—'

'The course of true love never did run smooth.'

Their parents, Mortimer knew would be opposed to their union, and he held in his love as long as he could, but when he could hold in no longer he drew up the flood gates of his imagination and—let it out.

It was on a summer evening when the south wind came by, sighing like a sick child, that Mortimer meted out the measure of his love to Angelina. He fell on his knees before her, and the stream of his passion poured out like a deluge. She accepted his love and acknowledged her own. Mortimer in the delirium of joy attempted suddenly to rise—'Alas, how short is mortal vision!'—in attempting to rise, his foot slipped, he fell in a ditch and was drowned—came to an untimely death, like a fly in a cream cup!

#### FINIS.

Our novel does not have a 'happy ending,' as is usual, but it is 'founded on fact,' and we cannot so far 'depart from history' as to

make it end differently. But we hope its pages being illuminated with the 'bright scintillations of wit,' and the pepper of description will 'ensure it a favourable reception with a candid and enlightened public.'

### DR. GODMAN.

Some years ago, in conversation with us, he said that in a voyage to sea in early life, he had seen a lad who had just begun to be a sailor, going out to some projecting part of the rigging. His arms were supported by a spar, and looking below him for a rope which ran across, on which his feet should be. The rope flew from side to side, and it was evident that the poor fellow was becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling, when the mate shouted to him with all his force, 'look aloft! you sneaking lubber!' By thus turning away his eyes from the danger, the dizziness was prevented, and he found his footing. And this incident the Doctor said, often occurred to his mind in after life, when his troubles grew heavy upon him, and he hardly could find ground whereon to tread. At such times he heard the mate's shout in his ears, and turned his 'aloft' to the prize upon which he had fastened his hopes. We cannot part with this beautiful illustration, without asking each of our readers to apply it to a still nobler purpose; to steady themselves in all adversity by looking towards that life in which there is rest and peace ever-more—and when our flesh and heart shall fail us, and we can find no support under our feet, to seek it by 'looking aloft,' to Him, 'who is the strength of our hearts, and our portion for ever.—*Lit. Port Fol.*

### HARD TIMES.

It is a fact that nine tenths of the young men of the present day, by some means, have come to the conclusion, that it is degrading to till the soil, or to perform any sort of manual labor for a livelihood; they seem to entertain the idea that they are all born to literature, that they possess intuitively the skill of the Lawyer, the Physician, the Clergyman, the Merchant, or the Author; that they have nothing to do but to hie themselves to New-York, Boston or some other city, as soon as they are fairly fledged and can be trusted out of their mother's apron-string, and that their *superlative* talents will at once bring them into notice. With these views, many a young man who might have made a most excellent farmer or mechanic, leaves his home, is gone two or three years, expends perhaps, half his kind father's fortune, which he has laboured hard to amass, and returns a poor, lazy, idle, blockhead, complaining of 'hard times.' This is the case often, very often. If all those young men who have been born and bred to that most honourable of all employments, tillers of the soil, would attend to that business, instead of gadding off, and attempting to become contemptible coxcombs, we should seldom hear of 'hard times.'—*N. H. Spectator.*



**Anecdote.**—A story is told of the late Rev. Mr. Sprague, of Dublin, H. H. which sets the remarkable simplicity of the learned parson in a very ludicrous light. Paying a visit to one of his parishioners, he threw the bridle of his horse over the post of a rail fence near the house. During his stay the animal contrived to disengage the bridle from the post and get it under his feet—seeing which, a servant girl drew the reins thro' one of the mortises and over the top of the post in the form of a noose. The parson took his leave, and going to untie his horse was indescribably astonished to find the bridle, which he had simply thrown over the post, thus past thro' one of the holes. 'This beats all!' ejaculated he to himself, 'I never saw the like of it in all my life before! To be sure, we read of a camel going thro' the eye of a needle—but that was in the days of miracles. No, no, I never saw the like of this before!' He examined it anew; he tried to get the bridle out—but it surpassed his ingenuity. 'Yes, it must be,' said he, 'the horse has actually crawled through the post-hole—there's no other way to account for it!' Full of this impression, and despairing of making the animal retrace his steps, he whipped out his knife, and was about cutting the reins, when the same girl, perceiving his quandary, released the horse and explained the mystery. But if the simple parson had been astonished before, he was little less so now, to find his own penetration surpassed by that of a servant girl. 'Hey, girl,' said he, 'I believe you're right—but how in the name of wonder should a girl like you know more than a man of my larning.—It's astonishing! astonishing! miraculous! miraculous!—*Bost. Masonic Mir.*

**The charitable Highwayman.**—It is said of Poulter (a better sort of highwayman,) that one day riding on horseback on the road, he met a young woman who was weeping, and who appeared to be in great distress. Touched with compassion, he asked her what was the cause of her affliction; when she told him that a creditor, attended by a bailiff, had gone to a house which she pointed out, and threatened to take her husband to jail for a debt of thirty guineas. Poulter gave her the amount, telling her to pay the debt and set her husband at liberty; and she run off loading the honest gentleman with benedictions. Poulter in the mean time waited on the road till he saw the creditor come out; he then attacked him, and took back the thirty guineas, besides every thing else he had about him.

**The Devil in Pain.**—In Plymouth there is, or was formerly, a ready witted negro by the name of Prince. Persons acquainted with the humor of the old fellow, were in the habit of cracking jokes with him to hear his ready answers. The late Judge Paine, who was attending court in Plymouth, one day accosted him thus:—'Prince, have you heard the devil

was dead?' 'No massa,' replied he, 'I no hear of it, but I suppose it very likely, for I understood he was in *Paine*.'

**Odd Comparison.**—An instance of quaint expression is related in a town in the western part of Massachusetts, where the clergyman was remarkable for giving his sermon very little connexion with his text. It stood like a sign post before a house where no tavern was kept. When this peculiarity was the subject of conversation, one of his parishioners observed to him, that 'if his text had the small pox his sermon could not catch it.'

**The Woman who went abroad.**—A lady in the state of Connecticut, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for the physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, 'my dear, where shall I find you when I get back?'

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1830.

**The Magnet.**—We have received the first and second, or the June and July numbers of a periodical with the above title, published in the city of New-York, by Samuel N. Rudkin, and edited by Miss Ann S. Winterbottom. As far as we can judge from the hasty perusal of the numbers before us, we think it worthy the attention of an enlightened community, and hope it will succeed in attracting its full share of public patronage. The Magnet will be published in monthly numbers, containing 24 octavo pages each, on fine paper, with a fair type, and neatly stitched in printed covers—price one dollar and fifty cents in advance, or two dollars if not paid till the delivery of the sixth number.

**The Pantheon.**—This is a semi-monthly literary and miscellaneous publication recently got up by the ALBION and PHENIX Societies of Westfield and Fredonia, Chautauque Co. N.Y. The Pantheon is neatly executed and promises fair to become both a useful and interesting companion to such as shall favour it with their patronage.—Its price is \$1 per annum, payable in advance, and all communications respecting it must be addressed, post-paid, to Charles H. La Hall, Westfield.

Subscriptions for both of the above mentioned works received at this office.

**Death by drowning.**—On Sunday the 18th inst. Thomas Morrison, of this city, aged about 25 years, was drowned in Claverack Creek, while bathing. Exertions were made to restore him to life, but in vain.

### MARRIED,

At Hillsdale, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Quilting, the Rev. Burrell Wheelock, of Boston, to Miss Fanny W. Richards, of Hillsdale.

### DIED,

In this city, on Tuesday the 20th inst. from drinking cold water, Mr. Wm. Krouse, aged 33 years.

On Sunday last, Mr. Barzilia Bunker, in the 76th year of his age.

At Hillsdale, on the 12th inst. Mr. Enoch Fitch, aged about 50.

At the same place, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Charlotte McKown, wife of Joseph McKown, Esq. in the 50th year of her age.



## POETRY.

### FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. YOUTH.

Youth is an early, fragrant flower,  
That blooms in springs delightful hour;  
Whose opening beauties bright and gay  
Glow sweetly in the balmy day,  
'Till summer's heat shall scorch its brow  
And lay its fading glories low.

Youth is the cheerful blushing morn,  
When coming light begins to dawn,  
When airy castles fill the sky,  
Built up with gorgeous pomp on high,  
'Till Sol arises in his might  
And drives the visions from our sight.

Youth is the brook which madly rides  
Over the mountains rugged sides;  
Its tiny bubbles flash and burn  
'Till to their mother stream they turn,  
Then dash they in the restless sea,  
Like Time into Eternity.

### THE FORSAKEN. BY J. G. WHITTIER.

She knew she was forsaken—and she rose  
Abruptly from the fingering of her lute  
As the false one bent o'er her with a smile,  
Full of his olden treachery, and a word  
Of seeming tenderness. She stood erect  
In her proud beauty, and shook fiercely back  
The dark luxuriance of her flashing hair,  
As she had been a priestess—and had risen  
Apparelled for the sacrifice. Her eye,  
Once melting into tenderness, and full  
Of Love's own inspiration, kindled up  
With the strange fire of anger, and its glance  
Was one of very lightning. The hot blood  
Boiled upward from the heart, and left its dark,  
Red shadow on her forehead—and her lip  
Before, a severed rose-bud, and as fair  
As that of Hylas, when the beautiful nymphs  
Sighed for its lovely pressure, gathered now  
Unnatural sternness with its curl of scorn;  
And the dilated nostril, and the quick  
Tumultuous heavings of the snowy breast,  
Told of the storm of passion roused within.  
'Traitor!'—the white foam gathered on her lip—  
Her hand is on her bosom,—look!—'tis raised—  
A dagger glitters to the lighted hall,  
Clenched in those long white fingers. Vain the cry  
And headlong rush around her. It is done!—  
The false one welters in his gushing blood!  
Oh!—ye may make a demon of the best  
And loveliest of God's creatures. Seek her when  
The careless air of lightsome childhood blends  
With maiden bashfulness—when first the dreams  
Of love and romance lend their pensive shade  
To the young brow, and passion flushes high  
The unstable beauty of the varying cheek;  
Bend a proud knee before her, and sit down  
Beside her when she fingereth the harp—  
And whisper in the pauses of her song;  
Or walk with her by moonlight, and compare  
The snowy whiteness of a sleeping cloud,  
With the clear beauty of her lifted brow—  
Or, tell her that the glory of the stars

Is fainter than the lustre of her eye—  
And when her heart beats wildly, and her cheek  
Is eloquent with most delirious thought—  
Betray her tender confidence, and turn  
Her heart's blood into tears—yea, darken all  
Her innocent being with pollution's stain.  
Ay, ruin her, and leave her. Go abroad  
Among the gay and beautiful once more,  
And let the lost one gaze upon the joy  
Of her betrayer. Let her look upon  
His hours of dalliance; let her hear his words,  
Of treachery softened to the tones of love,  
Breathed in the ear of others; and behold  
Another near him in the lightsome dance—  
Her white arm thrilling to his losel touch,  
Her young cheek kindling underneath his gaze—  
And she will lose her sorrow in the stern  
Dark purposing of vengeance. She will rise  
From her lorn desolation, far above  
The weakness of her nature; and put on  
A most unnatural energy, and nerve  
Her soul for violence, even unto blood.

## ENIGMAS.

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Glass—Lass—Ass.

PUZZLE II.—It is *de-parted*.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.  
*Addressed to a Lady.*

What beauties with a grace may do;  
What, when you're drest, looks well on you;  
What every social man will be,  
To please the present company;  
What master for a wife would give;  
On what a parson's horse may live;  
What misses use for similes,  
When fingers smarts or head-aches tease;  
What antiquaries gladly give  
To make the former ages live;  
What some men never think too bold,  
To load their chests with ill got gold,  
What I with pleasure would pursue,  
If you, my fair one, would prove true.

II.  
Tho' odd it might seem, 'tis quite clear to me,  
That ten are not ten, and will count only three;  
Eight are but five, and nine only four;  
Three only in six, but five in a score;  
What's odder still I know a sweet lady  
Can prove when she please, there are four in one Baby,  
Indeed I have known her to exclaim to my cousin  
A fig for men's hearts! there are not twelve in a dozen.

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